Lear. Thou think'ſt tis much, that this crulentious ſtorme
Inuades vs to the skin, ſo tis to thee,
But where the greater malady is fixt,
The leſſer is ſcarſe felt, thou would'ſt ſhun a Beare,
But if thy flight lay toward the raging ſea,
Thoud'ſt meete the beare it'h mouth, when the mind's free,
The bodies delicate, the tempeſt in my minde,
Doth from my ſences take all feeling elſe,
Saue what beares their filiall ingratitude,
Is it not as this mouth ſhould teare this hand
For lifting food to it? but I will puniſh ſure;
No I will weepe no more; in ſuch a night as this!
O *Regan*, *Gonorill*, your old kinde father
Whoſe franke heart gaue you all, O that way madneſſe lies,
Let me ſhunne that, no more of that.

Kent. Good my Lord enter.

Lear. Prethee go in thy ſelfe, ſeeke thy owne eaſe,
This tempeſt will not giue me leaue to ponder
On things would hurt me more, but Ile go in,
Poore naked wretches, where ſo ere you are
That bide the pelting of this pittileſſe night,
How ſhall your houſe-leſſe heads, and vnfed ſides,
Your loopt and windowed raggedneſſe defend you
From ſeaſons ſuch as theſe, O I haue tane
Too little care of this, take phyſicke pompe,
Expoſe thy ſelfe to feele what wretches feele,
That thou maiſt ſhake the ſuperflux to them,
And ſhew the heauens more iuſt.

Foole. Come not in here Nunckle, here's a ſpirit, helpe me, help me.

Kent. Giue me thy hand, who's there?

Foole. A ſpirit, he ſayes his name is poore *Tom.*

Kent. What art thou that doſt grumble there in the ſtraw? come foorth.

Edg. Away, the foule fiend followes me, through the ſharpe hathorne blowes the cold winde, goe to thy cold bed & warme thee.

Lear.

Lear. Haſt thou giuen a
come to this?

Edg. Who giues any t
fiend hath led through fire,
ore bog and quagmire, tha
halters in his pue, ſet ratsb
of heart, to ride on a bay t
es, to courſe his owne ſhad
Toms a cold, bleſſe thee fro
taking, do poore *Tom* ſome
there could I haue him nov

Lear. What, his daughte
Couldſt thou ſaue nothing

Foole. Nay he reſerued a
med.

Lear. Now all the plagu
Hang fated ore mens faults

Kent. He hath no daugh

Lear. Death traitor, noth
To ſuch a lowneſſe, but his
Is it the faſhion that diſcar
Should haue thus little mer
Iudicious puniſhment, twa
Begot thoſe Pelicane daug

Edg. Pilicock ſate on pe

Foole. This cold night w

Edg. Take heed of the fo
words iuſtly, ſweare not, c
ſet not thy ſweet heart on

Lear. What haſt thou be

Edg. A ſeruingman, prou
haire, wore gloues in my c
and did the acte of darknes
ſpake words, and broke t
that ſlept in the contriuing
ued I deepely, dice dearel
Turke, falſe of heart, light

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